

Deuces Wild

HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XII.

A Friend in Need.
That which came to Forbes was an inspiration, such as comes oftentimes to the kind-hearted, the impulsive and, I might add, the youthful. So he halted the first taxicab he could find and hurried over to the Dryden. Keen-witted and observing, as full of romance as a water-chestnut is of starch, he saw that his best friend and the girl with the copper-beech hair were a pair of proud fools, spilling their lives over a trifle. One was too proud to tell and the other too proud to listen to the truth. It was all just as silly (and human!) as one of those East side melodramas over which the wise critics laughed and commented upon as humanly impossible. Just the same, he knew that these silly affairs made the melodramas of a vast host of people.

Miss Mearson was still up.
"This is Mr. Forbes."
"Forbes?"
"The gentleman who was recently tied up in that fine old Sheraton of yours."

"Oh!"
"Do you want those papers?"

"Papers?"
"He thought her repetitions a trifle stupid. 'Yes, I know who took them. But we'll have to hurry. Mr. Crawford sails for Italy at dawn and may go aboard tonight.'"

"Wait!" This was thundered through the panels of the door.
She had on her sables when she came out, but her hair was tousled like the other woman's.

"Your father . . ." he began.

"At his club. Have you a taxicab downstairs?"

"Yes."

"Come!" She caught him by the sleeve and dragged him to the lift. Down they went; the lift-boy's eyes opened their fullest. She never let go of the sleeve till she was inside the cab. "It was Jim, and it never came to me! How quickly can we get there?"

"In about a quarter of an hour." He directed the chauffeur, and they rumbled off.

"Did he tell you he was going to Italy?"

"Yes. He was upstairs with us, playing poker. He doesn't intend to come back."

"Did he send you?"

"Headache. He'll probably never speak to me again. Not there was a misunderstanding."

"I don't want any explanations, please!" she interrupted. "Not a word about that other woman. What do I care who or what she is, now? Oh, foot! Pardon! You're a good man, Mr. Forbes, to come and tell me. I shouldn't have known."

Going away by good and never coming back because my love wasn't worth a copper penny! It isn't even now!"

"Perhaps Jim was a fool, too," said Forbes grimly. He hadn't bargained for hysteria.

"He never was a fool; it was I."

Said Forbes: "I love him better than any man I know, and I want to help him straighten out the tangle; but if you go to him in this state, you'll spoil everything. You'll be crying and he won't be able."

"How can I be calm? It was my letters. He remembered I kept them in that box. He wanted to take away something that belonged to me. I am worse than an infidel: I have been making an idol of propriety. I've lied to myself for five years. If he goes to Italy in the morning, I shall go with him."

Forbes took off his hat and wiped his forehead.

"Oh, I know my heart now!"

"Will you be quiet, Miss Mearson? The chauffeur keeps turning round, and he'll run into something; then we'll never get there."

"Forgive me!"

From time to time the light from a street lamp touched her hair, and the glory of it filled him with envy and sadness, and he knew not what else.

No woman like this one would ever run out into the night after him. It was always the quiet chap like Crawford who awakened and held such a woman. He knew something about the species; they were all more or less mad; they did the wildest things without reason, on the spur of the moment. The reverse of man, they wanted recklessly to give up everything . . . for nothing; a kind of pie-poor-quick scheme which profited no one, not even the man to whom these priceless gifts were offered. Of foresight, of calculation, they had none till after they had given everything away. Forbes looked out of his side of the cab, lonely, very much depressed, hating his flirtations, his triflings, and wondering if there would ever be a woman for him. Of course there were lots of girls. . . . How the deuce would he ever get her back to the Dryden in case Crawford was chiselled? Here it was again: these quiet chaps who never say anything and who never give in.

"You must think I am mad," came lowly from her corner.

Bad sign, thought Forbes. She was beginning to think it over.

"I am mad."

"No, she wasn't thinking it over. 'I shall always be mad like this. But what must you think of me!'"

"I'm thinking you a whole lot. I don't know but what you call madness is sudden sanity. Jim may be glad to see me, and then he may not be. You'll have to intercede for me."

"Don't worry about your part, Mr. Forbes. No man could do a kinder thing than you have done. Why, you don't even know me! But you'll not regret it."

"No? How do you know I shan't regret it?"—lightly. "When I've watched you day by day as you went past my studio, and wondered if the day would ever come when I'd say the same words Crawford said five years ago!"

"Don't laugh, Mr. Forbes."

"Laugh? The Lord knows I'm serious enough. But here we are. Get yourself in hand. I want to make this a happy-ever-after story, and tell it to a friend of mine who'll make thousands of silly schoolgirls shudder with rapture."

"You're a strange man."

"No, only I'm a little mad myself to-night."

The girl was at the top of the steps, hunting for the bell, ere Forbes could complete his directions to the chauffeur, who nodded boredly and took out a cigarette. These night adventures were as old as the hills to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Love Story.
Tableau. The rosy light from the fire touching the gold leaf on a royal cartonnage, or moving the shadows on the wall behind, ruddying a face three thousand years old, twinkling back from the shoe-buttons. So much for the inanimate. Crawford, erect, proud and defiant; the girl poised on the threshold, with the winged eagerness of Victory; Forbes, twirling his hat, diffident and abashed. All these things Haggerty saw from behind his curtain.

In life as in fairy-tales, 'tis woman who breaks the enchantment. The picture dissolved as she ran toward Crawford, whose glance went past her to Forbes.

"My letters!"

"They are mine!"

"And I?"

Crawford did not understand.

"Forbes, did you tell her? If you did, God forgive you, I never will!"

Forbes flung his hat on a chair.

"All I've done is to bring her to you."

"He came and told me you were sailing and never coming back. I've been a miserable fool!" She held out her arms, round and firm and white.

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have cursed you, for I believed you must have told her; and I wanted no other love than this, absolute, without reservation. I am an odd man, but I am as God made me. You wonder why I did not explain long ago. She accused me of bringing her a second-hand love. I deny that I evinced foolish pride when I left her. She had listened to idle gossip without first hearing my side before she judged. Had she come to me at any time as she has come tonight. . . . What's the use of going over all that? She is mine now, even if you did bring her to me."

"On the contrary," said Forbes, "I believe she brought me."

The girl's arm wound about Crawford suddenly, as he marked the expression of astonishment on his friend's face.

"The answer came from behind. 'Sorry, sir, I interrupt,' said Haggerty, pushing the valet before him; 'but duty's duty, an' time don't wait.'"

For Haggerty, familiar as he was with battle, murder and sudden death, had never witnessed a scene like this one, and it had outlasted his patience.

"And who the devil are you?" demanded Crawford, swinging about and facing the detective.

The girl stepped back, her fingers trembling with the collar of her cloak. Immediately she dropped her hands, smiled and laid one hand on Crawford's arm confidently. What did all the other people in the world matter?

"I am Haggerty of the central office," Haggerty knew when to bluster and when not to.

"What are you doing here in my house?"

Forbes was beset by all his previous doubts. A detective, and why should he be here? He thought of a thousand ways of overcoming Haggerty, of holding him till Crawford was safely aboard the Celtic; and then remembered the surest and deadliest of all detectives—the wireless. There was no escape.

"He would not inform me, sir," spoke the valet, drawing down his cuffs.

"Was he threatening you, Mason?"

"Oh, no, sir. He merely desired you to enter without suspecting his presence. I don't understand him at all, sir."

"Well, Mr. Haggerty?" said Crawford.

"You are James Crawford," began Haggerty, walking over to the desk.

"A rich man with a fad for digging up these things"—indicating the walls.

"Yes."

"All right; have a little patience till I get th' shell off an' down t' th' meat."

"I'm waiting."

"This morning you got tickets in a hurry for yourself an' valet for Italy. Then you did th' rounds of your banks. You had lunch at your club with an ol' gent with whiskers who's just back from Upper Egypt. You worked most o' th' afternoon here in this room. Listen. On Tuesday night, th' second week in June last, you played poker till six in th' morning in th' studio of that young chap over there—with a jerk of his head toward Forbes. "You won three hundred dollars. Coming home that morning you gave ten dollars t' th' ol' apple woman on the corner near th' pawn shop. There's a flat not far away, with a young woman living in it. No harm done in telling that since th' young lady here knows all about it. I could 'a' told her you was straight an' decent an' that th' young woman was living on your charity."

"What, in God's name, is all this about?" gasped Crawford.

Mason the valet went to the side window and threw it up. He remained standing by it, unnoticed.

(To Be Concluded.)

A Generation.

Webster merely defines a generation generally, as "the average life of man, or the ordinary period of time at which one rank follows another, or father is succeeded by child." The Standard dictionary says: "Commonly estimated at one-third of a century." The Century dictionary states that "the historical average is commonly reckoned at about thirty years."

"Janet, you are hysterical!"

"No. Do you want me, Jim?"

Crawford leaned with his hands upon the desk. He was as white as she was. Forbes turned his back and began idly to pluck at the frayed brittle wrapping of a mummy. Lord! he thought, even this gruesome thing had loved something once.

"Janet," he heard Crawford say, "will you go with me to Italy in the morning?"

"Yes."

"Without question, past or future?"

"As I am." The fever was gone from her voice.

"You will give up the life you have known and share the hardships of mine—for they are hard and as much a part of me as the air."

"Yes, as I am now."

The mummy at which Forbes was staring strangely wavered. Forbes blinked hard and caught the tears before they fell. It wasn't Crawford's story he was thinking of; it was his own, his own idle, drifting, innocuous story. His head stole round in spite of his effort to keep it from doing so. There they stood, face to face, tense. The girl's sables had fallen apart, disclosing her peignoir. She had come out like that? Why the devil didn't the man take her, take her? His heart swelled with rage. But the rage died as quickly as it had come. Crawford swung the girl into his arms; all the weariness gone from his scholarly face, which was now transfigured with something Forbes had never seen on any man's face before.

"Girl," said Crawford, "I'm a brute, but I wanted to be sure. Five years! Well, this moment is worth it."

"Tell her the truth," cried Forbes hoarsely.

"Why should I? In her heart of hearts she knows it, knows that there never was and never will be another woman! Oh, Mort!—with a hand outstretched over the girl's shoulders—when I saw you come in I could

Remodeling the Earth.
Three-quarters of the exports of the prosperous island of Ceylon consist of tea and rubber. Yet both these crops are of foreign origin, and were introduced into the island a comparatively short time ago. The first Ceylon tea was sold in England in 1880, and rubber plantations are a still more recent development.

It is just another reminder of the way man is remodeling the earth—or at least the fruits of the earth—to suit his needs and wishes. Our own country furnishes a yet more remarkable illustration of this truth, but with us the change is older. Our greatest crop is still the native corn, but that corn is fed to domestic animals every one of which was introduced from Europe; and our wheat, oats, barley, rye and fruit and nut crops are all of old-world origin.

By contrast, the potato, which does so much to support Ireland and which is now Germany's chief crop, is an American tuber.

Civilized man changes the plant and animal life of a region almost at will, yet in some ways he is timid and nervous, not to the degree. He originates, adapts, transports. With a few trifling exceptions, which merely point the rule, civilized man raises no crops which were not raised by his half barbarous predecessors, and uses no animals that were not tamed by people who had no alphabet.—Chicago Journal.

Asked the Right Man.

A Louisville attorney and a railroad man who has his "stopover" here, went to a theater the other night. The railroad man saw a flashily dressed, red faced, sporty looking individual sitting in one of the boxes.

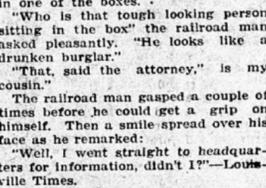
"Who is that tough looking person sitting in the box?" the railroad man asked pleasantly. "He looks like a drunken burglar."

"That, said the attorney, is my cousin."

The railroad man gasped a couple of times before he could get a grip on himself. Then a smile spread over his face as he remarked:

"Well, I went straight to headquarters for information, didn't I?"—Louisville Times.

A DASHING AFTERNOON COSTUME FOR HER WHO PROMENADES



A LA MILITAIRE.

This rather unique costume takes its distinction from navy broadcloth, set off with revers and vestee of checker-board black and white ribbon. Underneath the cartridge belt, which is picked out with hits of metal embroidery, the draped skirt buttons on to the coat. With this frock goes a swaggy little black pressed beaver hat, an ostrich pompon on top.

BLUNDERS IN WAR MANAGEMENT CAUSE BREACH IN BRITISH POLITICAL TRUCE



The United Kingdom now witnesses a general abandonment of the truce between the political parties, which was observed during the early months of the war and which apparently was cemented for the duration of the war when the coalition government was formed. There is a steady growth of the newspaper attacks on the government, the general burden of which is the slowness, the lack of foresight and decision, and the mismanagement of

the Dardanelles enterprises. While all newspapers disclaim partisan motives, all the more prominent journals participating in the opposition belong to the Conservative party, with the exception of the Manchester Guardian. The newspapers generally hold Premier Asquith responsible for the conduct of affairs. The Lord Northcliffe group headed by the Times and the Daily Mail, now as heretofore the most bitter critics of the Asquith government, with the support of the Morning Post,

was joined by the Observer, which is the foremost Sunday paper of London, and the Referee, which has a large following among the masses. David Lloyd-George is the leading candidate advanced for succession, but other prominent Britons, such as Viscount Haldane, former secretary of state for war; Lord Curzon, former viceroy of India, were also mentioned. In the pictures No. 1 is Lord Northcliffe; No. 2, Lord Haldane; No. 3, Lord Curzon; No. 4, Lloyd-George; No. 5, Asquith.

WAR, SAYS HAECKEL, DISPROVES PROVIDENTIAL GOD; PROMINENT CLERGYMEN TAKE ISSUE WITH HIM



PROFESSOR HAECKEL WITH SKELETON OF MONKEY

Some of the leading clergymen of America, after the extracts from the latest book of Professor Ernst Haeckel, Hans T. Manning, rector of Trinity church in New York, said: "These months of war have brought us back to reality. They have shown us once more the truth about human nature. It seems clear that when the war is ended the world will be a new place and that the church will have the greatest opportunity she has ever yet known. It seems certain that out-

tion tore to pieces the statements of the aged German thinker. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity church in New York, said: "These months of war have brought us back to reality. They have shown us once more the truth about human nature. It seems clear that when the war is ended the world will be a new place and that the church will have the greatest opportunity she has ever yet known. It seems certain that out-

of this war will come a mighty impulse toward democracy. With all its horrors the struggle is making toward world brotherhood. The war has drawn together the east and west and broken down the old barriers of race to a degree which we can not yet fully realize. This situation will offer to the church a wholly new missionary opportunity." The picture shows Professor Haeckel in his workroom with a skeleton of a monkey.

Daddy's Bedtime Story

The Gilded Chick on the Weather Vane.



The Wind Blew the Chick to the Vane.

"H AVE I ever told you the story of how the rooster got his place on the weather vane?" asked daddy.

Jack and Evelyn could not remember that he had, so he began: "Once upon a time there was a mother hen who was noted for her handsome chicks. Every one admired them, and she was very proud of her little ones."

"Once she did not have her usual luck with a setting of eggs. When the little chicks came out of the shells there was one egg out of which came a little half chick. He had one eye and one wing and one leg."

"One day the little half chick said to his mother: 'I'm going traveling. I'm tired of this old barnyard.'"

"This barnyard may be dull, but it's a very safe place," his mother answered.

"I shall be quite safe, I'm going to visit the king," the half chick said.

"You are very foolish," his mother warned him. "The king doesn't care anything about chickens except in pies."

"But the little chick paid no attention to his mother and started out to visit the king. He had not gone far till he came to a spring that asked him to clear away the weeds that were choking it. He answered that he had no time and hurried on."

"A little farther along he came to a fire that was being smothered with damp sticks. The fire asked his help. 'I'm going to see the king, and I can't be bothered with you,' the half chick told it."

"Then he came to a bush in which the wind was tangled, and when the wind wished the chick to help free it he hopped right on, paying no attention."

"And when he came to the king's palace the cook was making a pie for his majesty. The king was wonderfully fond of chicken pie, and, seeing the little half chick, the cook caught it and threw it into the pot to boil for the pie."

"The chick begged the water not to drown it and the fire not to burn it, but these answers that when they were in trouble he would not help them. So the chick was burned to a crisp, and when the cook saw this she took the pot and threw him out."

"The wind was passing just then, and it took the chick and whirled him round and round. The chick begged the wind to let him go. The wind replied that when it had asked the chick to free it from the bush he had refused and now he need expect no favors from it, and the wind whirled the half chick to the top of the church tower, and there he stood, turning round and round, keeping his head toward the wind so that he might hear what the wind said, and since then there always has been a one legged fowl on weather vanes."

Civilization and Savagery.

The one great difference between the savage and civilized man is that the former clings to the past, while the latter is always looking to the future. Civilization's systems of thought and life are constantly progressing, but the savage's systems are held stationary by customs and religions of a long-past age. We are ruled by imagination, but the savage's world is dominated by a nightmare of tradition.

Help Wanted.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the passing motorist of an exasperated man who was trying to change a tire while his wife, a woman of commanding appearance, stood by and gave numerous directions. "Yes, indeed," replied the exasperated man, as he mopped his brow. "My wife here is an ardent suffragette. I wish you would talk to her about the cause until I get this tire on."

South American Industry.

The sap of the saponilla tree is very largely used in the manufacture of chewing gum. The tree is cultivated in Mexico and Central America, and the method of collecting the sap,

Called "Chicle," is very similar to that employed in extracting maple sugar.

Mexico alone in 1910 exported chicle valued at \$170,000, which will give you a good idea of the extent of the chewing gum industry.

Another Definition for Love.

"What is love?" asked the very young man after the manner of his kind. "Love," answered the man with the absent hair, "is an obsession that causes two otherwise sane young people to leave their happy homes and become flat dwellers."

Not a Mourning Suit.

Browning—"I just met Whyte on his way downtown to recover his son's body." Greening—"What! Do you mean to tell me that his son was drowned?" Browning—"Oh, no. But his father said he needed a new suit of clothes."

Had Enough.

"Muh wife mar'd me to reform me, sah," stated Brother Hilsendigger, "and I'm so plum bodaciously reformed that I wouldn't marry ag'in if I done lived to be as old as Methooslum!"—Judge.

Nero's "Lorgnette."

Nero, who was nearsighted, had a small transparent jewel, probably an accidentally formed lens, through which he watched the sports in the arena. The principle of the lens not being known, the power of the jewel was supposed to be of magical origin and the gem was regarded as a very wonderful talisman.

Go to School on Skis.

Sixteen children in western Montana go to school on skis from October to June. The snow is sometimes so deep that the telegraph wires are right beside the children. Willows stuck in the snow mark the trail to and from the school.

Dangerous Idea.

The man who comes into the world with the notion that he is really going to instruct in matters of the highest importance may thank his stars if he escape with a whole skin.—Schoepnerbauer.

Intangible Riches.

"Is Dubson possessed of much property?" "Merely a castle or two in Spain and a fleet of dream ships."